

Eugene City Guard.

L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A cycle path for wheelmen may be considered a good thing on the side.

At last all is made clear. He is called the unspeakable Turk because money talk.

A contemporary asks in an editorial headline "Were our ancestors black?" Some of their deeds were very.

There is a movement on foot to organize a banana trust. It will require no Supreme Court to take the hide off that.

The latest thing in railway inventions is a cigar-shaped train. It is being puffed by some of the scientific journals.

"Bobs" is still the way the English papers refer to Lord Roberts, although they confess he's made a bigger name for himself.

At the opera company is reported to have been wiped out by yellow fever in Brazil, but some people will probably claim that the chorus died of old age.

Ward comes from Texas that a cyclone recently picked up a girl, carried her half a mile and put her down without even a bruise. Texas cyclones have now done nearly everything but lift men and eggs and chase the water.

Prince Alexis Dolgoroukoff has been in this country investigating the standing of American capitalists for the Russian government. If he limited his reasonableness to a consideration of the tax laws he found that American capitalists are generally a very poor lot.

All the momentary indications to the contrary notwithstanding, we venture the assertion with great confidence that never was character and a good name of as much value as business assets as they are to-day. Time was when by a change of environment and the formation of new connections a business man who had kept within the Revised Statutes to the extent of keeping out of jail could balance the record of his past and open a new account with fortune. This is becoming increasingly difficult. The very perfect machinery of investigation maintained by the commercial agencies, supplemented by the even more searching analysis of the associations of manufacturers, merchants and financial institutions formed for mutual information and protection, give the man with a shady past or a record clouded by wrongdoing very little chance to escape recognition, however disguised.

There is bound to be a reaction against the present popular form of fiction, with its dueling duchesses, gambling princesses and abnormally ardent lovers. The reader will have their day and we shall know just how Evelina felt when she went to market in the morning, and just how the carrots and cabbage were arranged in the grocer's window. There is much to be said for these still water comedies, and even the relation between the housekeeper and her grocer is full of psychological subtleties. For the grocer knows exactly what his customer's standard of crispness, both in life and in lettuce, is, and just what degree of wildness it will be possible for her to endure. It is time that the world realized that the eternal love theme is not the only legitimate subject for novels. All of the lanes of life are not lovers' lanes, with the altar and orange blossoms at the end of them. There are some pretty requested paths where platonic friends love to wander and where all sorts of lofty relationships are formed. It would be gratifying to many readers should the novelist take to these paths when in pursuit of subject matter.

In his monograph prepared for the educational exhibit of the United States at the Paris exposition Prof. Nikolaus Murray Butler feels called upon to justify the multiplicity of small colleges which is often the subject of foreign criticism. There are 472, and he admits that the number is enormous and that many are small and weak and ill-endowed, and that the criticism makes the existence of many a justified. Yet he says it should not be forgotten that almost any college exports a helpful influence upon the life of its locality. The fact is frequently overlooked that all American colleges depend for their student attendance in large measure upon the residents of their own immediate neighborhood. Few draw from the nation at large, and even in these few the greater number of the students are from within the institutions' own State or the limits of their own section of the country. For example, of the 27,566 students attending colleges in the North Atlantic division of the United States 26,393, or 94.1 per cent, are residents of the States included in that division. Of the 8,529 students in the colleges of Massachusetts 5,562 are residents of the State and 88.37 per cent, are residents of the North Atlantic division. The colleges in Oregon draw 96.87 per cent, of their students from the Pacific coast and 96.09 come from the State. It is safe to assume that most of these students would have to do without a collegiate education were it not for the small colleges in Oregon. The report of the University of Michigan excellently illustrates the truth of Dr. Butler's contention. Although the University of Michigan draws from all over the world, yet of its 3,447 students 2,000 are reported as residents of the State.

Public events that have come home with peculiar force to the people of this nation seem to call for a repetition of the homely aphorism, "Honesty is the best policy." If there were no Christian religion, if "thou shalt not steal" had never been inscribed in holy writ, the truth would still hold good that the risk of dishonesty is out of all proportion to any possible gain. It is said that most newspaper men are practicalists—that they are, as a class, cruel

and unfeeling. There may be something in the charge. The work brings them in contact with so much that is lucrative, with so much of misery, with so much of crime, that, unless they be broad enough to understand that their work is made up of these things, they are prone to think the world is made up of these things. But the newspaper man usually learns early that "honesty is the best policy." Almost daily he comes in contact with the hardship, the disgrace and the misery that follow dishonesty almost as surely as night follows the setting sun. A trusted employee suddenly "resigns," and when the reporter comes to look into the facts he finds a sorrowful employer, a crushed and penitent ex-employee and a family, half-crazed with a grief that is worse than death, imploring that nothing be printed of the matter. Nothing appears about it in the paper, of course, but the young man, "short in his accounts," never recovers from the blow. A building association or bank has been looted by its managers, a commercial enterprise has been wrecked by dishonest practices. In almost any of the cases that occur, always comes the same staggering load of sorrow and shame. We are in the world to gain as much of happiness as we can. Let any one look among those he knows best and ask himself who, among them, are the happy ones. Invariably he finds them to be the ones that have lived the best lives according to the Christian code of morals. Whether they be rich or poor seems to make little difference in the sum of happiness they are able to extract from life. If their records be clean, if they have nothing to be ashamed of, if they possess the proud consciousness that they have accomplished good in the world, if they have the confidence and respect of those that know them, riches beyond a comfortable competence can make little difference in their happiness.

HOW SHE WON FATHER.

The old man was amazed at her little deceit.

This pretty little girl, intelligent and free from the weaknesses of the parents. The daughter in question has an admirer who pleases her. But she is the only one in the whole domestic circle who is under the spell of his attractions. He is a fine fellow, perhaps a bit too fine, for he has some very old-fashioned ideas and lives up to them. The other day she had a battle to have him with them for dinner, says the Detroit Free Press.

They had just begun to enjoy the soup when he turned to the father and affectionately thanked him for a picture received as a birthday present. It was as dainty and pretty a piece of work as he had seen in a long while, and it was particularly welcome from her father.

All but one of his hearers, father included, looked stunned. He cleared his throat and, while sparring for time, caught the eye of the favorite daughter. It was shining, knowing, and commanding.

"Ah, yes, yes; glad you liked it." And the head of the house deliberately burned himself with the soup.

"What was it?" And the mother lowered the temperature of the room until the more timid shivered.

"I presume it was a water color," said the daughter, hurriedly. "Some thing pastoral, no doubt. George likes such things. Dark frame, of course."

"Gussied it the first time," smiled the father.

"It was so good of you," murmured the visitor.

"You darling old poppy," she whispered after dinner. "I knew you'd understand. We never show him any kindness, so I just went down and bought that picture and enclosed your card. Isn't he grateful?"

It tickled the old gentleman. He felt important and like a protector. Before the family separated for bed he made an emphatic announcement that the daughter should marry any one she wanted to and he would allow no interference.

Her idea of the British Army.

NOTED HOMES IN RUIN

TWO HISTORIC PLACES ARE GOING TO DECAY.

Aaron Burr's Mansion in New York in Hands of Wreckers—James Buchanan's Log Cabin Home Has Also Gone to Decay.

In New York the home of Aaron Burr and in Mercersburg, Pa., the home of James Buchanan, are falling into decay. Both men were once signally honored by the country, and both have interesting records. The old homes of both are full of historic interest not only attaching to their owners, but to the great men who visited them.

Burr's house on the southwest corner of Hudson and Charleston streets in New York City will soon be torn down to make room for a modern structure. At one time it was the finest residence on Manhattan Island—the Richmond Hill mansion, celebrated as the place where distinguished men gathered, and to which guests from all over the world were proud to be invited. In this house Washington had his headquarters while during his stay in New York; here Mrs. John Adams lived for a number of years, making it the social center of the city, and it was here that Aaron Burr passed the most happy years of his life.

In 1782 Burr married Mrs. Prevost, the widow of a British officer, and so came into possession of the Richmond Hill house. On account of his gallant services during the revolutionary war Aaron Burr was a popular hero of the time. He at once entered politics, and was elected a member of the New York Legislature the year after he settled

in the city. At that time the mansion stood on what is now the corner of Varick and Charleston streets. It was surrounded by a park of 100 acres, extending to the water.

When Burr's wife died twelve years later, she left one daughter, Theodosia, who became mistress of the most beautiful house in the city. Between the father and daughter there existed an unusually strong affection. Theodosia was a beautiful girl, and many traditions of her wit and charms are still extant. Among visitors to the mansion in those days were Alexander Hamilton, Talleyrand, Volney, Jerome Bonaparte and Louise Philippe. Nearly all distinguished foreigners coming from Europe were entertained there by Aaron Burr and his daughter. At this time Burr's fame was at its height. His home life was happy, and a great career was open to him.

Theodosia Burr, while still quite young, married Gov. Allison of South Carolina and went to Charleston to live. In 1803 Burr and Jefferson received an equal number of votes for the Presidency, the House of Representatives finally deciding in favor of Jefferson. Burr being made Vice President. This caused much bitter feeling, the result of which was the duel between Burr and Hamilton, resulting in the latter's death.

Burr fled from New York, going down the Mississippi to the Southwest. There he bought several hundred thousand acres of land, intending to found an empire and conquer Mexico.

Jefferson had him arrested, brought to Richmond, Va., and tried. No act of treason could be proved, so he was set at liberty. He then went to Europe, trying to carry out his schemes for conquering Mexico and founding an empire, all of which came to nothing. After a few years in Europe, where he was scorned by men who had known him in former times, he returned to New York, broken in mind and spirit. He looked forward eagerly to meeting his daughter again, and she set out by boat from her home in Charleston.

Disappearance of Theodosia Burr.

The vessel on which she sailed was never heard of again. It has been said that the boat was wrecked at Nag's Head. Another story is to the effect that it was boarded by pirates and that all on board were forced to walk the plank. Burr afterward married Miss Jumel, but they were soon divorced. Richmond Hill house passed out of his hands, and for a time was used as a theater. Seventy-five years ago the house was torn down when Richmond Hill was leveled, and part of the materials were set up again in the house which stands now on Hudson street, and is all that is left of what was once the finest mansion on Staten Island.

Pennsylvania has had one President, James Buchanan, and the house in which he was born stands neglected on Fayette street, Mercersburg, Pa. At present the building is fairly preserved, but unless steps are taken to maintain it, it must soon make way for modern houses.

As it stands now the house was Buchanan's birthplace and the house in which he received his schooling. Both the residence and the school house stood at Stony Batter, in Franklin County, and were removed to Mercersburg, the logs from the school house being used to build an annex to the residence. This school was kept by the Rev. James R. Sharon, and was located in Mercersburg. Many other noted men besides the future President gained their first instruction there. Considering that this school was situated in a thinly settled section of the State and was attended only slightly, the scope and erudite nature of the studies were little short of marvelous, for Greek, Latin, French, German, metaphysics and philosophy were included.

It was here that Buchanan gained the foundation of his remarkable talents as a linguist and profound reasoner, and which gained him so much praise on his celebrated tour of the world, when he was entertained at the courts of Europe and held his own with the most brilliant and erudite minds.

The father of President Buchanan, James Buchanan, for whom he was named, was a resident of Mercersburg for thirty years. During his long residence he was one of the best-respected citizens of the town, a prosperous merchant, and man of affairs, and held many positions of trust.

James Buchanan's early school days did not very well preface his character and his life. At school he was exceedingly nimble-witted and mischievous, and at one time he failed of winning a prize for scholarship because it was considered a bad example to reward a boy whose deportment had been so far below the standard. Afterward at college Buchanan became a hard student, and in his student career he was reckoned very dignified, if not pious.

Dickens at Tynemouth.

The London Academy quotes from an unpublished letter of Dickens to his account of his visit to Tynemouth, on one of his "reading tours."

"I wish you could have been with me of course, in a snowstorm one day on the pier at Tynemouth. There was a very heavy sea running, and a perfect deluge of snow-merchants were plunging in and out on the turn of the tide at high water. Suddenly there came a golden horizon, and a most glorious rainbow burst out, arching one large ship, as if she were sailing directly for heaven. I was so enchanted with the scene that I became oblivious of a thousand tons of water coming in on an enormous roller, and was knocked down and beaten over by its spray when it broke, and so completely wetted through and through that the very pockets in my pocket-book were full of sea."

It was at Tynemouth, by the way, that Dickens was tickled by the story of a poor drowsy maker, who, when a lady lodging in the same house sent her up a plate of goose on Christmas day, returned it with a request that the lady would "disseminate her goose in her own sphere."

Wonderful Memories of the Blind.

The acuteness of their memories seems to be a compensation for the blind. One of the visitors to the reading room for the blind in the National Library at Washington expressed a desire to learn to use the typewriter. There was none provided, so Mr. Hutcheson very kindly sent down his own. The girl sat down to the machine, and had explained to her the position of the letters and the keyboard slowly read to her twice. She practiced for a few moments, and then wrote a letter in which there were only three mistakes, a feat which it would be difficult for a seeing person to surpass. One afternoon Mrs. Ward, the Kansas vice regent of the Mount Vernon Association, read in the pavilion. While doing so she repeated Iron Quill's well-known verses on Dewey's victory, beginning, "Oh, Dewey was the morning." Later in the afternoon one of the blind listeners brought to her a complete copy of all of the verses, which he had remembered from hearing her.—Woman's Home Companion.

Common Delusions.

Full nine out of ten persons plume themselves on being different from others, when their very belief in the notion is its own contradiction. We complacently aver, "I have such a keen sense of the ridiculous," when a true sense of humor would have prohibited the boast. But what we most plume ourselves upon—if we are the average woman or man—is our power to read character. "I may not be particularly clever," we'll observe, with that guileless braggadocio which masquerades as humility, "but of one thing I'm certain, and that is, I'm a good judge of human nature. I'm never deceived in a person, when, if such perspicacity were really possessed, we'd say nothing about it before those capable of seeing our limitations."

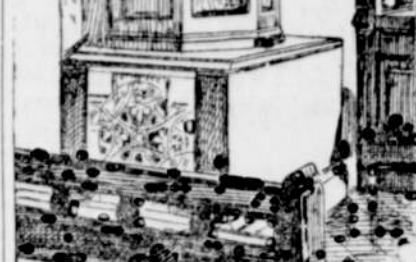
It is an unfortunate and mistaken notion of women that when they discuss the latest novel, they are "talking over the heads" of the hard working men present who haven't had time to read it.

It will usually be found that the girl who has no originality in any other way spells her name in the newest and most ridiculous fashion.

WESLEY'S PULPIT.

From This Great Preacher Delivered His First Sermon.

There are two magnets to attract the pilgrim to the lovely little church of South Leigh, in Oxfordshire, or three if he be an enthusiast in architecture. Waiving the question of architecture there are, first, the exquisite fifteenth century frescoes which have been brought to light in recent years. One of these, representing the "Judgment of Souls," is not lacking in humor to the modern mind, though when it was first painted on these walls the inten-



JOHN WESLEY'S PULPIT.

tion of the artist was probably far removed from gaiety. Nowadays, however, it is impossible to repress a smile while gazing upon the little discomfited lump of darkness, who, being weighed in the scales against a Christian soul and finding himself wanting, is blowing lustily on a horn to call other lumps to his aid. Then there is the pulpit to examine. It has nothing to recommend it such as a pulpit from the knife of Gilling Gibbons would have, but the fact that John Wesley preached his first sermon from this rostrum will invest it with interest enough to thousands of people. There is a small brass tablet on one of the panels recording that fact.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Death caused by unconsciously and unintentionally inhaling gas while asleep is held, in *Fidelity & Co. vs. Loewenstein* (U. S. App. 8th Cir., 46 L. R. A. 450), to be within an accident policy against injuries "through external, violent and accidental means," and not within an exception of "injuries, fatal or otherwise, resulting from poison or anything accidentally or otherwise taken, administered, absorbed or inhaled."

A carrier transporting for hire a package containing spirituous liquors, and whose only undertaking is to carry and deliver the goods to the consignee, is held, in *Southern Express Company vs. State* (Ga.), 46 L. R. A. 417, not to be guilty of violating a statute in force at the place of delivery, making it unlawful to sell or furnish such liquors, directly or indirectly, by any device whatever. The case has a note reviewing the authorities on the liability of a carrier for transporting intoxicating liquors.

Restriction of the right to membership in a corporation to persons of a certain nationality is held, in *Blien vs. Rand* (Minn.), 46 L. R. A. 618, to be a valid charter provision; but persons accepted as stockholders in violation of this provision are held estopped, as against creditors of the company, to assert that they were not stockholders because not eligible to membership. With this case is a note collecting the authorities on the subject of charter restrictions upon eligibility to become shareholders in a corporation.

A trademark which is not strictly personal, such as the words "King Bee" as applied to manufactured tobacco, is held, in *Saragoza vs. Ivey Cigar and Tobacco Company* (U. S. App. 8th Cir., 46 L. R. A. 541), to be transferred by assignment of all the owner's property for the benefit of creditors under a state insolvency law, although the trademark is registered in the United States patent office. With this case will be found a note showing the other authorities on the transfer of a trademark by bankruptcy or insolvency assignment.

Ancient but Modern.

It is not often that a woman is able to array herself in any fabric worth 300 years ago was the property of a Queen of England. The Countess of Pembroke had, however, this proud privilege at a recent drawing room, when her magnificent white and silver gown and light peach velvet train were trimmed with old point de esatoir which had once belonged to and had been worn by Queen Elizabeth. It was in admirable preservation, and consisted of deep flounces, partly of floral design, and also displaying a terrace walk, with birds on pedestals—quaint and curious.

A Royal Pensioner.

The Duke of Cambridge, cousin of Queen Victoria, has received more arduous pensions than any other member of the English royalty. In 1850, on the decease of his father, the country voted him an annuity of \$80,000 a year. At 18 years of age he became a colonel, at 26 a major general, in 1854 a lieutenant general, two years later a general on full pay, and in 1862 a field marshal at \$22,500 a year. He occupies his residence rent and tax free—the equivalent of \$12,500 per annum.

Duke of Fire.

Queen Victoria has secured the social position of some of her great-grandchildren by making a new grant of the dukedom of Fife to the Prince of Wales's son-in-law, and creating him Earl of Marleburg in the peerage of Great Britain. The earldom and dukedom, in default of male issue by the Princess Louise of Wales, go to each daughter they have or may have, and her heirs male successively according to priority of birth.

If a woman is loyal to her kin, she even hates the man who is a business rival of her brother-in-law's cousin.

The older the girl, the less aptitude she requires to induce her to sing again.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"She seems to delight in riding on crowded cars."

"Yes; I've noticed it."

"I wonder why?"

"Well, it seems to me her fondness for it developed about the time that I told her I was once thrown into the lap of a handsome young man when the car suddenly went round a corner."

—Chicago Post.

Another One.

The patrol wagon rattles noisily over the stony street.

"This," grunted the drunk and disorderly pugilistic celebrity, whom the police were taking to the station, "is 'nother hall of fame, isn't it, 'b'gosh!"

—Chicago Tribune.

Her Way of Putting It.

Mrs. Putterfutt—"We had meant to call before this, really, but with the best intentions, somehow we kept putting off the evil day as long as possible."—Punch.

Economic Measure.

Sunday School Teacher (during lesson in the children of Israel)—Robert, tell me why it was the children of Israel built the golden calf.

Robert—I don't know, unless 'twas that they didn't have gold enough to make a cow.—Life.

Discovered a Prize.

First Business Man—I have a gem of an office boy.

Second Business Man—Why, I thought you said he was so stupid!

First Business Man—So he is, but now that the baseball season has opened, I've discovered that he has no living relatives, so he can't ask to get off for funerals.—Philadelphia Record.

The Only Explanation.

The Good Man—What causes your husband to get on these periodical drunks?

Mrs. Malone—Shure, awn O dunno, unless it's from readin' 'th' magazines.—Chicago News.

A Woman's Reason.

She—You are so peculiar!

He—In what way? You tell me that I am faithful and manly and steady in my habits, and you know my love for you is unswerving.

She—Yes; but there are times when I would like you to appear otherwise than all this.

Her Secret.

She—Doesn't the grand old sphinx awaken glorious emotions in your breast?

He—Well, yes; that is—she always reminds me of a woman who has firmly determined that she will never tell her age.

Very Naturally.

"Miss De Fave's clothes were stolen from the bathing house."

"Well, what of that?"

"She asked the court to redress her."

Brutes.

The book agent—I would like to show you this beautiful work. It tells about the habits of savage animals.

The severe lady at the door—I don't need it. I have been married four times.—Indianapolis Press.

Explanation of Her Portrait.

"I notice that she has a portrait painted, but never has her photograph taken."

"Yes. You see, the camera is so exact."

Her Champion.

Fay—That Miss Snapp is just hateful, isn't she?

May—Yes. You were present yesterday when she told me I was the "bomblest girl in our set," weren't you?

Fay—Yes, and I gave her a piece of my mind about it afterwards.

May—That was kind of you, dear. But I hope you weren't too severe.

Fay—Well, I told her she ought to remember how sensitive you must be about it.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Criticism.

First Messenger Boy (wonderingly)—Say, Mugzy is purty light on his feet, ain't he?

Second Messenger Boy (contemptuously)—He must be purty light in his head to be sprin'ly like dat in dis business.—Puck.

A Neighboring Weakness.

Mrs. A.—Are you troubled much in your neighborhood with borrowing?

Mrs. B. (innocently)—Yes, a good deal. My neighbors don't seem to have anything I want.

Caesar and Chicago.

Ruth—Caesar said all Gaul was divided into three parts.

Kitty—Did he say how much of a Chicago drummer got?

Must Have Them.

Askit—Why couldn't a bird store be run on a cash basis?

Tellit—That business can't exist without bills.—Baltimore American.

Same Old Hat.

"Harry, don't you think that is a pretty good straw hat I bought you for 39 cents at the 'rummage sale'?"

"Yes, indeed; I liked it last year when I paid \$3 for it."—Chicago Record.

What About 'Heaven'?

Bobbs—Did you read Prof. Tully's article on how to weigh stars?

Dobbs—No. I suppose you'd weigh them just the same as you weigh chorus girls, wouldn't you?—Baltimore American.

He Guessed Wrong.

Broth—You seem to be a hustler. I saw that life insurance agent go into your house this morning, and in less than half an hour after him came the doctor.

Smith—Well, what do you gather from that?

Brown—Merely that you were in a great hurry to undergo the physical examination and have it over with.

Smith—You're wrong. The doctor came to examine the insurance man's wounds.—Philadelphia Press.

After Taking.

"Say, I've got a new story on Brown." (Tells it.)

"Yes; that's a new one on Brown. It was on Jones when you told it to me before."—Chicago Tribune.

Warning Text.

Many a young girl makes the mistake of thinking that because she would do for a man she truly loves him, in the restless, throbbing age it is necessary for her to ask herself in all seriousness, "Would I take in washing in him?"—Detroit Journal.

Britain's Heart of Oak.

Polite Frenchman—"Mon and, set ze way to ze von moosem Bush zat zee can enstruck me?"

First Tough—"Wot d'yer say?"

Polite Frenchman—"Mon and, set ze way to ze von moosem Bush zat zee can enstruck me?"

Second Tough—"D'yer know wot I sayin' of, Bill?"

First Ditto—"Blowed if I do."

Second Ditto—"Then wot do I 'it im across the mouth?"—Moonshine.

Not Taking Chances.

Neighbor's Boy—Put me over to borrow your lawnmower.

Suburbanite—He's early, isn't he? We haven't used it ourselves yet.

Neighbor's Boy—He said he thought you hadn't, and now would be a good time to cut the grass before you got it out of order.—Philadelphia Record.

Blissful Ignorance.

Mother (sternly)—He kissed your neck with his knowledge, and I don't know how often after that.

Daughter—Neither do I, ma. I was much read in mental arithmetic.—Philadelphia Press.

An Expensive Vagary.

"Why, who said you'd go out?"

"Oh, it's just some more of my mad. My whole get away from me and let me through a patio glass window terrace."

"That's hard luck, sure."

"Oh, I'm not kicking about that specially. But it was a miller's wife, down, full of spring bonnets. Now, couldn't it have picked out a jeweler or goldsmith's, or some cheap whorl like that to destroy things?—Life.

The Savage Bachelor.

"The woman of to-day," said a youthful bachelorette, "does not know what she wants."

"The woman of to-day, young man," said the Savage Bachelor, "is like a woman of any other old day—she wants anything, as soon as she finds out she cannot get it."—Indianapolis Press.

Amputated Leg Sensation.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes: "My right leg was cut off at the middle third of the leg, nearly thirty years ago, but since that time the sensation of the presence of the leg, instep, heel, foot or knee is stronger than in the other leg, or stronger than it was before amputation. There is no consciousness of any sensation at all in it, where there is always more or less sensation in the stump. My leg was amputated in such a position that it came out standing to be flexed with the foot behind me. I have often tried to get it out of the way of a closing door or of persons passing me on the street. One day I often lay by (lying to put my foot on the floor when springing quickly from a sitting position). By day, also, there is a sensation of shortening, the foot seeming to be nearer the body. If I make an awkward move, as if to extend the knee, a sensation of heat occurs in the stump, and the rest of my body may be frozen."